15c per copy
$1.50 " year

AUGUST, 1945

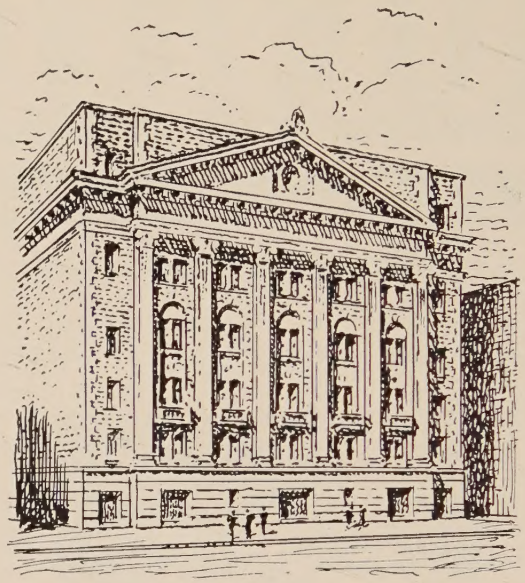
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Heart of the Forest

Yes, garden plots are lovely,
But man has tended there;
So I choose the heart of the forest,
Where the wild things have their lair.
With the sky for a roof above me,
Deep moss for a rug 'neath my feet,
Ah, yes! 'Tis the heart of the forest
Where I with God can meet.

Ethel Wells Smalley



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

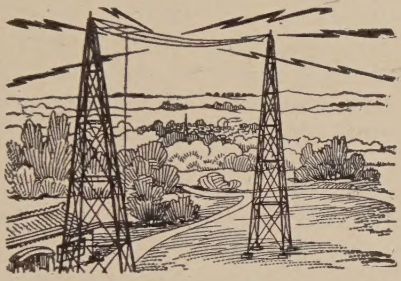
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXII **August, 1945** *Number 5*



Dr. Bradley's
Summer Radio Schedule

WJJD—Chicago, Illinois—Every Sunday—11:00 A.M. (Fifteen minute sermon by electrical transcription)

WGN—Chicago, Illinois—Every Sunday—1:30 P.M. (Review of educational Books)

* * *

Church Office Open Every Weekday throughout the Summer—Longbeach 6878

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"MAKING GOD REAL"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

March 25th, 1945

NOW, you know, when a preacher has had to preach a Palm Sunday sermon as often as I have had to preach one, it is quite a challenge to find something new to say about the significance of this day and the events with which it is associated. I breathe a little prayer every time I come into the pulpit on these special days, days like Palm Sunday, Easter, special days when one is rather sensitive to the fact that everybody in the church knows exactly what you are going to say. I have preached so often, long and loud that I know people in this congregation right here this morning who have heard me so often on these special themes that if I should hesitate, or stumble a little bit, or reach out for a word, they could prompt me right off. I think there are literally hundreds of people here this morning who, if I got stuck a little bit and could not just find the word, they could say: "Here it is, Doctor," and throw it right up to me from the seat where they are sitting, until one of the things I covet and have a great deal of concern about is the ability to keep saying something that will have the appearance of freshness and crispness, something that will be contemporary or modern and yet have the vitality and permanency of the enduring. And so I make a little prayer before beginning these special sermons on these special days, and that little prayer is: "O, Lord, might the people have poor memories. Don't let them remember that I have said that before. Let it have the appearance of freshness and newness," and that's what I prayed this morning too, when I thought about the last of our great series that we have had during the Lenten season in which I have tried to talk quite simply and humbly and plainly about living life triumphantly.

And now we come to the climax. Many of you have been quite consistent in your attendance this Lenten time, and have given me such a gracious and inspiring hearing. O, dear, you should see some of the congregations and audiences that I talk to, and then see yourselves; you would be so proud that you are just what you are. I get audiences where I have to work, and work, and work, to get any kind of audience response or reaction. I had one the other night where I might just as well have been talking to a lot of wooden benches, or just plain blockheads; I would hammer away—O, I am taking the blame for it, don't misunderstand me, the fault probably was mine, but I had a terrible time with that audience; we did not seem to get anywhere. Then I said to myself, "Just wait until Sunday comes and you are in your own pulpit and you have that wonderful congregation of people who are accustomed to you, and know you, and who are forgiving, and who overlook your mistakes, and yet love you," and I think I am about the most fortunate preacher in the world; fortunate because I have you; fortunate because you always do what they used to say in the olden days "LIFT UP MY HANDS."

Now, it always takes two to preach

a good sermon, not only a good preacher, but a great audience. I did not say a *large* audience, I said a *great* audience. Sometimes large congregations are not great congregations, but we are rather fortunate here because we have *both;* they are *large* and they are *great,* and when you get a combination like that, I tell you it is powerful and it is inspirational.

I had better get into this Palm Sunday business or I will forget that it is Palm Sunday and what I planned to say to you I won't say at all. It will be like the little girl listening to the radio who tuned in to a church service and listened right straight through. After it was over her father said to her: "Well, honey, what did you think of the service?" "Well," she said, "I'll tell you, Daddy, the music was all right, but the commercial was too long." If I am not a little careful the music may be all right, but the commercial may be a little too long and I don't want that to happen.

So, we rise into a crescendo at the end of this Lenten season when we have been thinking together about living life as a victorious adventure, and now we come to the climax, and that climax, as I see it and I am thinking of it now, is that after we have gone through all the elementalism and groundwork necessary to the integration of the personality so that each of us can live life in terms of triumph, we must find a relationship by which nothing that life can ever do to us will undo the foundation and the building which we have constructed.

Now, we have got to find an association and a relationship with something that is *eternal.* In other words, now we must *MAKE GOD REAL* in our consciousness: that's the foundation and the preservation that retains all the rest. How can we do that? How real is God? What kind of reality is suggested to your intelligent and critical mind when you think of the word "GOD" itself? No idea which the human mind has toyed with down through the centuries has had a greater evolution than the idea of God. The whole history of the human mind is the history of the evolution of that idea.

In the primitive moments of man's own basic ignorance and his unfamiliarity with the cosmos of which he is a part, before he knew anything about science, before he had developed anything which could be possibly called "adequate" for the plane of social expression, before he had done anything that could have historical significance, man was trying to find relationship with a universe of which he was a part but about which he knew nothing. His mind was primitive, his brain had not been accustomed to the processes of thought and the folds of the brain structure itself were incapable of carrying the great thoughts which the minds of great men down through the ages have finally evolved into. Man was concerned only about two or three things. He wanted to have an opportunity to quiet the gnawing pangs of hunger of his body, so food was an imperative. Dependent upon the part of the world in which he happened to be placed, it was necessary for him to find a way to cover his body to keep it from the cold. Man was motivated by bare primitive necessities; he had no universe, he had no concept of God, and then in the processes he looked over his shoulder and saw a shadow, and religion was born, and contemporaneously with these other expressions in the activities of his own life there has been the constant pressure of trying to find an answer to the identity of himself in the universe, and so in the long-drawn-out process in which the primitive mind of man evolved from the age of sticks and clubs, even

prior to the discovery of fire, when he ate his food raw, and when he was motivated only by the physical imperatives and necessities of his life, as the ages went on, the enlargement of the area of his knowledge increased, and so religions came: Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, Shintoism, Confucianism, the religion of the Upanishads, the thousands and thousands and thousands of religions, until as the years went on still further each one of these religions identified their peculiarities by making some explanation on the "duality" of the universe. Zoroaster said: "Light and darkness." The Upanishads said: "It is matter and spirit." Christianity said: "It is God and the devil," but down through all the ages of man's religious development and expansion the duality of the cosmos, of which he was a part, commanded his thought until he ran full head-on against the biggest problem of all, and it still is, the problem of evil and good, trying to predicate in the character of a God, omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence, creating a moral order in a society in which murder is a crime, but growing vicious, poisonous reptiles which poison and kill; speaking of a universe where there should be peace and beauty and truth and loveliness and a universe in which cropping out of the human blood stream would come the fiend to kill, destroy and mutilate; a universe in which the people would talk about a good God and then see a helpless little baby born deaf, dumb and blind; a universe in which there would be good men and fine men, and a universe of fiends and cruel men; a universe where there is the duality of good and evil running rampant on the whole physical and material plane, and man said: "Where is your good God? How could there be a good God in a world of sin, and blood, and death?" And the oldest possible question that has ever confronted the mind of man in finding the reality of God has been the persistence of evil in the world, and the seeming impotence and helplessness of God; a physical, materialistic plane of human consciousness where good and evil, God and Satan, heaven and hell, light and darkness, are always in conflict.

Let us be honest, let us not delude ourselves with the snares of emotionalism, or with our passions: let us be honest. I shall try to be. I do not understand evil; I do not understand the "why?" of it all; I cannot explain the sovereignty of God in the presence of evil. I don't know any theologian who can. There are the shibboleths and phrases to which we are all accustomed but I am speaking in sheer honesty of our intellectual effort. I cannot explain it, but I will tell you something more miraculous to me than that. I cannot understand the kind of people whom I have known, and you have known, in the world, without understanding God and predicating to God certain powers and certain realities.

They cry to me about a little child born deaf and blind with a syphilitic father and a cardiac mother, that comes into the world cursed from the beginning, and they say: "Where is your good God?" Now, I don't attempt to answer that, admittedly; I don't understand it; I am honest. But I see another little child, that little child could not speak, and could not hear, and could not see, and that little child grew to be Helen Keller, and the only explanation that I have is just that as I cannot explain God in terms of a blind child, so I cannot explain Helen Keller and leave God out in the explanation. Another child by the name of Thomas Bridges . . . called "Bridges" because he was picked up and taken away from a bridge, and called "Thomas" because he was found on

St. Thomas Day, and Thomas Bridges, a waif and homeless child, grew out of that environment until the influence of Thomas Bridges on the southern tip of the western hemisphere had influenced the world, and Charles Darwin in the "Voyage of the Beagle" paid him tribute and homage: that I can understand when I understand God.

There are so many things about the ocean that I cannot grasp. I have never seen the Indian ocean, nor the Arctic ocean, nor the Antarctic ocean; I have never seen some of the oceans, but I have dipped my feet in the shorelines of the Atlantic ocean, and though I cannot go beyond and fathom the limitless boundaries of the sea, I have felt the sea in my soul. How about thinking of God like that, some of you scientists and atheists and materialists who cannot fathom God? I can, who have not an answer for all the problems. I have not merely been content to just close my eyes in some blind, conjectural atmosphere called "Faith" —I cannot. How would it be, instead of trying to define God and write God into creeds, and circumscribe God in terms of comprehension, how would it be to take as much of God as you can assimilate, and experience that part of the *Infinite* which the window of your own mind and the doors of your own heart open up to you? If, instead of trying to find all the answers we would begin to apply the answers we know, we would lose some of our difficulty about making God real.

I wish I could make more people realize that. I wish I could take some battered soul this morning, someone who has just been bruised, beaten, pounded and tortured with life, someone who has seen almost everything they have given their lives to, fail; someone who has known the torture of grief and the agony of losing loved ones; someone who has never been free from pain for days, weeks, years; someone who has battled with life until sometimes they almost feel like saying: "I hate God, He does not love! Don't talk to me of your good and kind and loving God!" I have had only in the last few hours a test of that. Some of you remember in our own church and our own family that soldier lad who went out to the South Pacific. . . . I married him before he left; a lovely little baby was born; he came back to die, and that lovely little baby yesterday died too, and tomorrow I am going to take "Scotty" Sexton's baby and put that little body to rest at Ridgewood Cemetery, and that mother, within three months, lost the father of her child, and now the child. There's a challenge for you! And when they look into my face and say to me: "Where is your God now? My baby is dead!" I have got to have something besides a theological answer and the speculation of mentality; I have got to have something more than that.

And I think it was that reality that so impressed the mind of this Galilean revolutionist, this young man of thirty-three, who is to enter this week the final week of his life, who, when a sea of common people shouted: "Now the Deliverer has come; the King has come; God now reigns and the Ceasars will be crushed; Jerusalem will be emancipated and our people will be redeemed! The King has come!" Riding upon a beast of burden around a hill he looked down upon the city and wept . . . what kind of a King would it be who would weep and cry like a baby? Why, the most significant note in all this Palm Sunday of making God real was the reality of Christ in recognizing the limitations of the mind and soul of man to see the whole truth of *making the king real,* so he wept. No attitude for a king. What would you think of a king in triumph, dignity and

splendor who cried and whimpered and then cried over a city: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have taken you into my arms like a hen doth gather her brood, but ye would not, ye would not!" We refuse to make the self surrender. On that beautiful picture entitled "The Light of the World" have you ever noted that when the Master stands before the door knocking, knocking, and says: "I am the Light of the World," that there is no outside latch on the door? The door must be opened from the inside, if God comes in. It is not something that we do on the outside, but something in our attitude on the inside; then God does not become a debate, or an argument, or an objective of our intellectual finite conception; then God becomes a reality, just as He was a reality as he looked over Jerusalem, just as Christ was a reality when he cleansed the Temple. It was action that predicated concept. It was the fundamental attitude of the hearts of men to build the permanent and to build the truth.

So, this morning, don't try to take in too much territory, don't ask for all the answers. You will not find them; they are not there. Remember *THERE IS A REALITY, A REALITY, NOT TO MISS PAIN, NOT TO MISS SORROW, NOT TO MISS TORTURE, NOT TO MISS LIFE—that will never explain evil, BUT THE REALITY TO RISE TRIUMPHANTLY ABOVE IT! DON'T TRY TO MISS IT, BUT TRY TO MASTER IT! NOT TO INDICT THE CHARACTER OF GOD BECAUSE IT EXISTS, BUT TO HAVE A FORTIFICATION WITH GOD THAT WHATEVER EXISTS YOU CAN MEET IT: THAT IS MAKING GOD REAL!*

Stop looking for all the answers in the Book, or you will never find the way. Remember, the power and majesty of a flagstaff does not consist of its height, its size, its composition NEVER! The power of the flagstaff is in the colors that fly from the masthead, and the masthead may be but a twisted reed, or a broken stick, or the flagstaff may be a humble, tired weak thing, *BUT IT IS NOT THE FLAGSTAFF, IT'S THE COLORS THAT FLY FROM THE FLAGSTAFF THAT MATTER!"*

MY SUMMER NEIGHBORS

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
(Read at the Chicago Literary Club, January 15, 1945)

ALONG time ago a certain lawyer stood up and addressed the Teacher of Galilee, asking him a question which has been asked through all ages: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The answer given was, to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself." But the lawyer, possessing a legal mind, we surmise was not satisfied with the simplicity of the answer, and so he interrogated the teacher further with the question "And who is my neighbor?" The story which the teacher used as the basis of his reply is familiar, I trust, to us all, for in the greatness of its simplicity we learn that the help given the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves constitutes the basis of all true neighborliness; an attitude which is not circumscribed by geographical boundary lines nor limited to

proximity, of one's own life.

Being a product of the country, the word "neighbor" has always meant to me certain definite attitudes and attributes. I am using the word "neighbor" in the traditional and commonly accepted meaning tonight when I tell you about my summer neighbors. A discussion of one's winter or summer neighbors might create the suspicion that there was to be a choice morsel of gossip forthcoming. I assure you at once such is not the case in this paper, but I have some summer neighbors who are the most interesting and unusual anyone could possibly have.

Six hundred miles north of Chicago, in the State of Minnesota, is one of the loveliest of all our inland lakes. The name itself is descriptive of the lake, for it is called "Lake Vermilion," and extends about thirty-seven miles in length, with an island for every day in the year, as the survey shows there are 365 islands in this lovely body of water. When I first saw this lake thirty years ago, no road touched it anywhere. You alighted from your train at Tower, Minnesota, which is on the East Two Rivers flowing into the lake. The shoreline is of rocky formation, particularly of green rock, which is the earth's oldest rock, and this is one of the few places on the earth where the original earth's surface is exposed. Pines and birches are everywhere. All of the evergreens, sentinel pines and graceful birches greet the eye with inspiring beauty whichever way you look.

About thirty years ago I was able to get from the United States Government a little island in this incomparable lake. It is not large—about four acres and a half—but it had never known the woodsman's axe and never has. Here I have spent part of every summer all of these years. The southern boundary of the Superior National Forest has been gradually extended until now the island is included in the forest. Living around the lake and on the islands, traveling up and down in their birchbark canoes, picking blueberries, hunting deer, fishing but only for food, live the Chippewa Indians.

During these years I have grown to know my summer neighbors, and it is with them we are concerned this evening. As far as we know, the Indians of North as of South America are believed to have had their origin in the Eastern Hemisphere. In this hemisphere there are no unquestioned fossils of human ancestors or extinct human races, such as Europe, Africa, Asia and Oceania contain. There are many parts of the Old World where you will find sites containing implements of pure paleolithic type, whose geological formation and associated animal bones leave no doubt that they were occupied during the glacial era; but here there are no such sites, the implements of paleolithic type being normally found in association with the neolithic ones. It seems reasonable to deduce that the entry of man into America was not merely a simple migration which was discontinued and never resumed. If one body of immigrants was able to find the way, it is almost certain that others would find it.

The great speech divisions of America may have begun while the original speakers were still in the old world. It is practically certain—and on this there is quite common agreement among anthropologists—that the migrations took place from Siberia, by the way of Bering Strait, the other land bridges to America—and there are others—being geographically too ancient to have served man. Bering Strait is shallow, frozen over part of each year, and less than 50 miles wide. While making allowance for climatic

changes, it probably was never an obstacle to primitive peoples, although it never has been and is not now an easy means of communication. The lands on both sides of it are inhabitable and capable of sustaining only a very meager population. As someone has said, the Strait was much like a kinked tube. Man managed to filter through, and culture elements succeeded in being transmitted, but the flow of both was impeded.

There is no evidence that until the Russian occupation any advanced people ever occupied northeastern Asia. Consequently whatever late accessions of inventions or other cultural materials reached the American Indians, were of a type normally occurring among peoples of a relatively low level. Both in America and Asia, the higher attainments of civilization occur in latitudes not far from or below the Tropic of Cancer.

That we are justified in accepting this idea of inter-continental connections is affirmed by recent ethnic conditions about Bering Strait. The Eskimos on both sides of the Strait are almost identical in physique, speech and customs. It follows, then, that the racial origin of the American Indian has to be sought in Asia. The studies, research and findings of anthropology substantiate this point of view. The Indian belongs obviously to the Mongoloid division of the human species. The color of his skin, the straight, stiff, black head hair, a minimum of beard and body hair, the high cheek bones, all the other characteristics, undeniably identify him as a Mongoloid type. These traits are constant among Indians, as among East Asiatics. And one other thing which is not commonly known by those who have never been sufficiently interested in the origin of the American Indian to find out, and which adds to the idea of Asiatic origin is the fact that the shovel-shaped incisor teeth and bluish pigment spots in the sacral region during infancy occur equally among the two populations. The relations of the American Indian are, however, to the Mongoloid stock as a whole, rather than to any specific Mongolian people, but they are probably closest to the East Siberians.

Another widespread and commonly accepted mis-statement about the Indian is that one referring to him as "red." The fact of the matter is, the American Indian is red only when he so paints himself. Their general color is a brown, little if any darker than that of the Japanese. The tallest people are found in the center of the continent in the Mississippi valley and for some distance north and east. Along the Pacific coast and in Mexico, the body heights are less. The Aztecs and Mayas were short people. Head form is about as variable as in the Old World.

The Eskimos are a well-marked subrace, short, thick-set, usually long headed and broad-faced, powerful jawed, narrow nosed and with some tendency to the Mongolian eye.

Most of us have never seen or known many Eskimos. Four summers ago I had the opportunity of going to Hudson Bay, crossing the mighty Nelson River and the Churchill, and finally reaching Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. Two hundred miles up the Bay is Eskimo Point. There the Eskimos gather and bring their furs and start their two hundred mile journey to Fort Churchill. That part of the Dominion of Canada has many Cree Indians. As I mingled with the Eskimos and the Crees at Fort Churchill, my unaccustomed eyes were frequently unable to distinguish between them, but of course

their speech was entirely different and they could not communicate with each other.

The outstanding characteristic of native American speech is its diversity. We are informed that there are more stocks of languages in either North or South America than in the entire Eastern Hemisphere—about 75 on each continent. Recent research has moved in the direction of uncovering remote similarities in some of these stocks, thereby reducing their number.

The culture of the American Indians, like that of any large group, is very complex and might be best considered from the point of view of how its constituents classify as to origin—elements common to America and the Old World, peculiar to America, important to the Old World but lacking in the New.

There are some simple culture traits which are universal among Indian tribes and of equal common occurrence in the Old World. This is important and significant and it may be assumed that the first immigrants into this hemisphere brought that culture with them. These traits include the use of fire, and the ability to make fire with the drill, the dog as a domesticated or semi-domesticated animal, stone implements for piercing, cutting, scraping, chopping, the spear, spear thrower, a method of making netting and basketry, adolescence rites for boys and girls, shamanistic beliefs and practices. Nothing establishes a common root more than the shamanistic practices. Shamanism was the primitive religion of the Ural peoples of northern Asia and Europe, in which the unseen world of gods, demons and ancestral spirits was conceived to be responsive only to shamans, the chief sun god being Shamash, who was supposed to be a beneficent power which would drive away storms, disease and evil. All this finally matured into what is commonly known as the Indian Medicine Man. The practices and ceremonies of the early American Indians were shamanistic, pure and simple. This is another indication of the Asiatic origin. Archaeology definitely establishes this antiquity and carries it back to the end of the paleolithic or the beginning of the neolithic period, but it is interesting to know that a well-defined type of culture traits which are widespread in the eastern hemisphere, in fact practically universal in all parts, are totally lacking in both North and South America. These elements evidently originated in the Old World, subsequent to the movement which mainly populated America. The fact that they did not carry through is probably due to the backwardness of culture in the region of the Bering Sea. This class of traits includes all the important domesticated animals and plants, excepting the dog, the plough and the wheel, iron, stringed instruments, etc., and we are justified, it seems to me, in holding that environment may be responsible for the absence of some of these from the western hemisphere. But of course it cannot account for the non-existence of iron-working, the plough and the wheel in this early culture.

The higher civilizations of America were reared on an economic and technological foundation of their own, evidently evolved in and largely remaining confined to the region of middle America, namely the area of Mexico to Peru. The basis of this civilization was a form of agriculture limited to a series of indigenous plants. Among them of course was maize, whose wild ancestor and place of origin remain a puzzle to botanists; and closely associated with maize were beans and pumpkins and squashes. These plants

were cultivated by all the Indians of both Americas as far as agriculture was practiced by them, from the St. Lawrence to the La Plata. In the tropical region there were cultivated in addition other important plants: the potato, sweet potato, pineapple, pepper, tobacco, chocolate, etc. All this agriculture was practiced without implements more complicated than a hoe or simple planting stick. It was strictly a hand culture. Domesticated animals were lacking, except for the llama and the alpaca in Peru and the turkey in Mexico. Copper, gold, silver, platinum, tin and lead were smelted, cast, plated and alloyed in middle America. These arts were known in the Old World prior to the iron age. Cotton, of another species than the cotton of the Old World, had been domesticated in middle America and was the basis of an elaborate textile art operating of course with simple apparatus, and clothing was of types based upon true fabrics instead of skins or fibers. Pottery shows a wide distribution, almost identical with that of agriculture, and may therefore be assumed to have originated in middle America at about the same time as agriculture.

Middle America was the region of cities, therefore of higher political organization and in Mexico and Peru of considerable empires. In the same regions ritualistic religion, including the altars, permanent edifices, sacrifices and symbolism reached its most complex development. This development was evidently dependent upon the existence of a priesthood, persisting through successive generations under stable social and political conditions. Finally, the intellectual achievements, probably also in large part due to priests, culminated in the mathematical and calendar systems of the Maya and in an incipient system of writing employed by them and the neighboring Mexican nation. Attempts have been made to derive these products of learning from the Old World, but analysis shows their principles, especially those of the calendar, to be unique. The Maya, for instance, had devised position numerals and a sign for zero. They were probably using this system before any people in the Old World had invented a sign for zero. A certain number of traits restricted to the northwest half of North America show modern or recent similarities in the Old World, usually in northern Asia and Europe, but do not appear to possess extreme antiquity. They may therefore be assumed as importations into America mainly by diffusion rather than migration in the last few thousand years. There appears to be then, a fairly general agreement as to a characteristic type of mind and personality, though we might argue how far it is innate. Almost universally the American Indian is reserved, stoic, enduring and unresponsive, the antithesis of the negro and more similar to the Mongolian in behavior than the Caucasian. He is not without humor, but holds expressions of it in rigorous check, so that it becomes manifest generally in intimacy. He is patient but not quick; tough in adversity but not enterprising; stable but unimaginative; cruel when his inhibitions have been removed, but not given to brutality ordinarily. He esteems control as the highest virtue and restraint and decorum as the essential of manners, and therefore, almost always impresses as imbued with unusual sense of respect of personality.

(The remainder of the article "My Summer Neighbors," by Dr. Preston Bradley, will appear in the September issue of "The Liberalist," and tells of the American Indians' fine contribution to the war effort and of their post-war future.)

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THE happiest people I know are those people who have learned how to share with others their own blessings. These people who have learned how to share have discovered one of the secrets of happiness and contentment. The unhappiest people I know are the self-centered people who demand that life constantly contribute to them, while *they* do very little contributing to life. Most people are so busy making a *living* that they forget the biggest job is to make a *life.* There is a big difference between making a living or making a life. Thoughtfulness is so often the attitude which sometimes we neglect and forget. Each of us can go a step out of his way to aid in some little way an aged or blind person or a frightened child wishing to cross a busy intersection.

"There isn't much that I can do,
But I can share my bread with you,
And I can share my joy with you,
And sometimes share a sorrow, too,
As on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do,
But I can sit an hour with you,
And I can share a joke with you,
And sometimes share reverses, too,
As on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do,
But I can share my flowers with you,
And I can share my books with you,
And sometimes share your burdens, too,
As on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do,
But I can share my songs with you,
And I can share my mirth with you,
And sometimes come and laugh with you,
As on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do,
But I can share my hopes with you,
And I can share my fears with you,
And sometimes share some tears with you,
As on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do,
But I can share my friends with you,
And I can share my life with you,
And ofttimes share a prayer with you,
As on our way we go."

This lovely little verse by Maud Preston is just what I would say to

you. We can be, as we journey along the highway, much more considerate, much more honest than we are about life. A poor, lame man, working twelve hours daily in a close, hot room, as a saddler's apprentice (a saddler, you know, is a harness maker), had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to one's honor, but he had never understood the meaning of those words. One day the saddler looked out of his window and saw a runaway horse drawing a small wagon on which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A man across the street ran up to the horse, caught it by the bridle and brought it to a stop. The saddler, watching from his window, soliloquized to himself: "What if the bridle on that horse had not been well sewed, or if poor thread had been used? The bridle might have broken and the mother and child have been killed. What if it had been I who sewed that bridle?"

This true illustration speaks most effectively and eloquently of a fundamental principle—the principle of basic honesty. The person honest with life, honest with work, honest with thinking—"Honesty," in the old adage of the copybook, still "is the best policy." And I think quite frequently these days, when there is so much noise and confusion and chaos and criticism, that perhaps what we need most of all (and I know this sounds bromidic and I don't like bromides or mere platitudes), but perhaps what we need most of all is just two things.

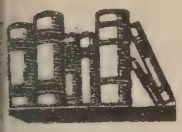
I know we are listening frequently these days to men who have all the answers and who feel that this plan, or that system is the highway to perfection and Utopia. During the past ten years over 300 plans have come to my desk, each one having to do with solving the problems of the country or the world. I have read the major part of them carefully and in all this number I do not recall a single one that begins at the beginning; for underneath all the plans and the theories and the programs, if we lack two things, none of them would work; not a single one would be efficacious. So you will pardon me if I appear a little dogmatic about these two things.

I think the first thing we need, all of us, is a new birth of old-fashioned, plain, simple, easily understood honesty; just old-fashioned honesty. In law, there is an assumption that every man is innocent until he is proven guilty, but we know how that works out, because we understand the psychology of human nature; but in the actual operations of most of the associations of life, there seems to be the attitude that everybody is dishonest; that everybody has a motive for everything he does; everybody is suspicious of everyone else. How many times a day do you hear someone say: "Oh, that's just another racket." Look at the safeguards, most of them necessary, which mercantile institutions and firms have to use, which seem to predicate that most people are dishonest and not honest. Sometimes it just seems as though it was the natural assumption that everybody is dishonest; that everybody is trying to take advantage of everybody else. Can you envisage just for a fragment of time what would happen if we would have a renaissance of honesty? No more cheaters; everybody meaning what they say and saying what they mean; honest with our friends and with our enemies; honest in everything? Why, I venture to say, without fear of successful contradiction, that if such were to happen, 90% of all our ills and difficulties would evaporate as a little particle of dew evaporates from the petal of a morning flower.

The second thing is something quite

rare—it is another very old-fashioned thing for which I stand, and that is, just plain, common, ordinary horse-sense. I don't know why we should call it horse-sense—some people call it common sense. If we could develop a common-sense position, we would be much further ahead than most of us are. What is the common sense attitude? When people are discussing or arguing about the situation or what they ought to do and someone says, "Well, now, let us take the common-sense point of view." What does that imply? It means that no matter what has been said or what has been done, there is a position of evaluation based upon what is actual about the situation and not what is conjectural. In other words, the first approach to common sense is to see things as they are and not as we merely hope them to be. That is realism at its best and that is the door which opens up the opportunity for common-sense action. Common sense is reason. What is the reasonable thing to do—the sensible thing? If we were only asking this question more often, the going would not be so rough and the highway so bumpy as it frequently is. Yes, I repeat, the two miracle workers are honesty and common sense. Let's gave them a chance! The great Master long ago taught the simple fundamentals of right living. He was so far ahead of us in His realism that we in our backwardness call it idealism.

P. B.



BOOK CHATS

THOSE of my readers who are also consistent listeners to my nightly broadcasts know that Wednesday evenings are set aside for a book chat, and that Wednesday evening is also the night of my weekly book lecture at the Peoples Church. When you stop and realize that there are thousands of books published each year and my broadcast and book lecture season only runs for twenty-six weeks, it means that I have to choose twenty-six books out of a maze of books. I have tried to vary the selection, choosing books representative of all fields of literature; but above all I have tried to talk about those books which would be of definite practical value. It is such a book that I have selected to bring to your attention here in this monthly Book Chat—a book entitled "Twenty Careers of Tomorrow," and written by Darrell and Frances Huff and published by Whittlesey House. The reason I have chosen this book is because we are entering a period of readjustment in which there is no individual who will not be a part of this changing scene.

We know the war upset the careers and plans of millions of people in this country and most vitally the youth of our nation. Now we are entering the last phase of this global war. Those who survive will find themselves meeting the challenge of implementing their lives back again into a peacetime career. Thousands of young men right now are being returned to civilian life from the armed forces every month, and it is not exaggeration to say that there are millions more who are looking forward to the day when they will resume a civilian status. Many of these young people went right out of High School and college and university into the business of waging a war. They had had no opportunity to orient them-

selves in the world of which they were a part. Every evening this spring I was speaking to graduating classes and nightly I saw diplomas awarded in absentia to young men who had gone into the military and could not be present at their own graduation. Every time this happened I would envisage the problem and the difficulties which the individual would have when he picked up life where he had left it. That our whole industrial situation will take on a new challenge none can deny. Young people always have a difficult time finally deciding what they desire to do with their lives; what professions and activities they propose to follow. It is not easy. It wasn't easy making my own decisions and I am sure it is no easier today than it was when I was young. On the contrary it is much more difficult. There are many more complications, many. And now the book which inspired these remarks, "Twenty Careers of Tomorrow," is a book which will be of great value to the thousands of young people who, in the not far distant future, will face the moment of decision as to what they propose to do with their lives.

The world is so constituted today that it doesn't give young people as much time to make this decision as it did when some of us were younger. In those days, after being graduated from High School, sometimes one would find it necessary to work for two years, sometimes more, in order to get a college education, and then frequently, after the college education of four years there would be another two or three year interim in which one might have to work in order to get money to go through professional schools until, if one got fairly well established by the time he was thirty, he was doing well. But the world is not in that tempo today. Many of the men and women who have definitely arrived and are already important influences in their respective activities are this side of thirty—some of them a long ways this side. The world isn't giving young people time to be young. That makes it all the more important that what young people decide to do, will be the best for themselves and their future; and the authors of this book, "Twenty Careers for Tomorrow," have made a very exhaustive survey of 20 industrial and occupational fields, being concerned with what we could expect in the future from each of these 20 fields of occupation and then—and this is where the very practical aspect of the book comes in—what each of these 20 fields of activity will demand and expect from those who enter them. You can see at once how valuable this book will be to young men and young women returning from our armed services and beginning to look seriously (and they *will* look seriously) at what career they propose to follow and at what activity they are going to pursue for the rest of their lives.

Not only have the authors gone into the problem of making a careful analysis of the fields of activity and what abilities each will require, but also there is the added value of the book in that the authors give the information as to where the training necessary for success in these 20 fields of life can be obtained, and where the opportunities for employment are to be found. It is easy to realize what it would mean to a young man or a young woman who comes out of two or three years of military service, living under the exactions of military life, with no economic pressure present for food or clothing or shelter, to have available such a book as the one I am bringing to your attention. If this book could be placed in the hands of some of these young people at the right moment, I can see where it would be a decisive factor in

helping them in a way that they would never be able to wholly repay.

The authors take up the whole field of that interesting and fascinating and comparatively new area of plastics which they somewhat facetiously call "the glamor girl of industry's future" and then that sphere of electronics which makes one almost breathless at its possibilities, for the field of electronics has hardly been touched, in spite of all which has been done. Also, the authors bring out the idea in this connection that in a field like electronics and frequency modulation in radio, and also in television, that all these fields are comparatively so young that older men are not entrenched and there are available many, many opportunities before the young. The whole field of synthetic fabrics, for instance, opens up a great vista of opportunity. The authors say glass will rank as one of the top five of tomorrow's industries, because of the increase of its use; and that television alone will provide four million, six hundred thousand jobs in the next ten years and that the automobile industry is now planning for twenty-five million cars in the first five post-war years, and that doesn't take in the inevitable development of aviation. I could perform no more valuable service in the book chat this month than to recommend that this book, "Twenty Careers of Tomorrow," be made available to as many young men and women as possible. It may help to decide a future in which their fine minds and hearts can be used creatively and constructively when we are through with the tragic business of war.

Good night.

* * *

The importance and significance, together with its timeliness, merit our talking about the book which I next bring to your attention. The title is "Youth Is The Time," by Robert Gessner. The title might lead you to think it is a book of non-fiction, but it is a novel and one of the finest ones which has come my way in a long time; but first, a word about Robert Gessner, the author.

He was born in Escanaba, Michigan, in 1907, and like so many Michigan boys, after graduation from high school he entered the University of Michigan. From there he went on to Columbia University in New York City for his Master's degree, and immediately began his teaching career as an assistant English instructor at the New York University. Early he recognized the tremendous social significance of the moving picture and he introduced a new curriculum in the study of motion pictures in New York University, and is now chairman of the department. However, his book, "Youth Is The Time," has nothing to do with his interest in moving pictures or the work which he has done in that very important field.

Perhaps some of you may recall the interesting historical novel about Benedict Arnold, which was entitled "Treason." That was the first book written by Mr. Gessner. Then he made a very exhaustive survey of a somewhat neglected field, that of Indian affairs in the United States, with the result that he published a book called "Massacre," which, in 1932, caused a Senate investigation of the whole field of Indian affairs in this country—a very valuable and a much-needed investigation it was. The book "Massacre" later was made into a motion picture which some of you might have seen, called "Broken Arrow," which was a novel of American Indian life today. He also has written a book of verse which he calls "Upsurge." From a literary point of view his book "Treason" is probably his best book, up until the book which we are now discussing.

I am convinced that the youth of this generation are thinking more fundamentally about the future and of their relationship to that future, than the youth of any generation I know, and this, in spite of the fact that sometimes the press is filled with the deeds of a certain type of young people, which would belie the statement I have just made. We should not forget that only crime is news, and the trouble that one group of youngsters may get into, and which becomes first-page material throughout the nation, does not reflect the real caliber and soul of our present day youth. It is very easy to give a blanket condemnation to youth because of what some young people are. Parenthetically, I think that is one of the greatest dangers in formulating judgments on races and religions. We give a general character to a racial group or religious group, because of what certain individuals in those groups are. A little more careful thinking I am sure would bring the conclusion that every race and every creed, every institution and every group should not be judged as a mass at all, but we should judge individuals by what they are, and formulate our opinions on individuals and not blanket a group.

Here is a novel of college life in a great American city. It is dramatic, penetrating, romantic and outspoken. The academic robes are removed, and the reader is given an authentic picture of the inside machinery of a teacher's life—not only in the classrooms, but after the schoolday is over. The functions of college life—that particular kind of college life lived in a metropolitan university, is analyzed, taken apart, and all with a well balanced reflection of the great emotional factors. This novel, "Youth Is The Time," is a portrayal of character, and a study of human relationships. The timely character of it is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Gessner takes up the present controversy between the classicists and the vocationalists in modern education. As you know, that controversy is one which is commanding the attention of all who are interested in education and young peoples themselves are taking sides definitely and decisively in the controversy. The whole importance of education is involved, and none can deny the important position which education of present day youth occupies in determining the character and kind of world in the process of formation. None realize this any more than the young people themselves and there is every evidence that they themselves propose to do something about it.

The novel is built around the character of Christopher Nash, the instructor, and Eugenia Vilszynska, one of the students. Nash is just out of a teacher's job in the army and is beginning his work as an English instructor at Metropolitan University, located in downtown Manhattan. He is Boston bred, a graduate of Harvard, and, to him, the environment of Metropolitan and its students, is something totally new, bringing him a different challenge than he has yet had to face in his professional career. After the meeting with his class for the first time, he is about ready to resign. His students are not like any personalities he had ever imagined would come to him for instruction. They are a group of young people who differ entirely from the college boys and girls of colleges located in small towns. As Eugenia says: "We are the children of the city who ride to school on subways. We're the loneliest students in the world. Our hopes, aspirations, dreams, whatever they are, are of little consequence. We're the raw material on the conveyor belt. A four-year run through the factory, a diploma slapped into our outstretched hands, and we are out in

the cold just where we started." These words from the student upset him tremendously. Then he begins to meet their families, learns their problems, and as you might suspect in a novel, falls in love with Eugenia. There are high points filled with incident, humor and vivid characterization. It is an interesting novel, and I would suggest that parents and young people, too, read it, for it is an accurate portrayal of one of the many problems before us all—problems which we must do our utmost to solve. P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

My dear Friends:

It seems to me fitting that I should write my column in the form of a letter, being away from my official "Editors desk" and city home. I like to feel that our readers are our friends, and that you are interested in little happenings that enter the daily life of our Island home up here in Lake Vermilion. Having seated myself comfortably at a table in the corner of the porch overlooking the garden—really not the place to concentrate one's thoughts upon writing anything—there is so much to invite the eye and interest beyond the porch screening, a patch of fresh color in the garden—some exquisite ruffled petunias having burst into bloom over night—a group of shasta daisies glistening white in the sunshine, some large yellow longspur columbines looking like butterflies—and giant pansies smiling a greeting.—Birds darting in and out of their houses busily getting ready for a second family, their first brood having been out on the wing for a week, such pretty little fluffy things fluttering joyously about, excited at trying their wings.—There must be at least a hundred tree swallows, many warblers, thrushes, wax-wings, wrens, robins and others. There is a chorus of bird-song from dawn till dark that forms part of our summer pleasure! But as I said—having seated myself comfortably to write, this is what I specially wanted to tell you about this morning, that happened yesterday—the unexpected visit of a too friendly bird! Having searched for a certain magazine unsuccessfully, I decided to look in Dr. Bradley's study—built a little distance from the house on a pine-clad point of the island.—Upon opening the door I stood amazed on the threshold, and exclaimed aloud, although I was alone, "for mercy sake what has happened here?" taking in at a glance the utter confusion of the room—the lamp was turned over, dozens of letters and papers strewn over the floor from Doctor's writing table, an ash tray knocked off a stand—that was all I had time to see when I was startled beyond ejaculation by a loud whirring sound like an airplane starting off, it seemed to me—and something was circling the room, flapping large wings, hitting the book shelves, the windows, the mantle, as it whirled past me I slammed the door and yelled to Jim to come quick and see what had gotten into the study! He found "the thing"

to be a full grown mallard duck! Believe it or not! There has always been a heavy wire screen over the top of the chimney, how and why it was off I do not know. The duck had either fallen down the chimney or else come down—perhaps to make a nest! A pair of Mallards have been around the point of the island, in the bay, since spring, and I imagine this was one of them. Nice thing to have happen when some one was spending the night there! We sometimes have to bed an extra guest on the study couch! Anyway it took the best part of a day to put the study to rights, and I hope no more "ducky" friends come to visit us. I must bring this letter-chat to a close and give you some letters from the Mail-Bag.

* * *

Here is one that has just been received from a friend of one of our young church members whose name is on our Honor Roll, 1st Lt. Anne F. Henning. Her friend, Jean Schwartz, writes that Lt. Henning has received her Citation with Bronze Star Medal and thinking we would be interested has sent up a copy of the Citation which reads: "1st Lt. Anne F. Henning — N-788979 — Army Nurse Corps — U.S. Army. For meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States during the period July 18, 1944 to May 9, 1945. The superior manner in which Lt. Henning performed her duties as a general duty nurse with the 106 Evac. Hospital distinguishes her as an outstanding officer. Her professional skill, untiring energy and loyal devotion to duty—reflect great credit upon herself and the military service." We surely are interested and proud to hear of one of our girls receiving this honor. Lt. Henning graduated from the American Hospital in Chicago in 1931, and prior to army service she was an Industrial Nurse at Boeing Aircraft Corp. in Seattle, Wash.

* * *

A short but cheerful message was received from Cpl. L. C. Rowley, written from Germany. He says: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Well it finally ended over here and I hope to get a furlough and visit the church before going to the Pacific. Received the "Dial" and "Liberalist" this week and read both thoroughly with pleasure. Please note my new A.P.O. number. Your friend, L. C. Rowley."

* * *

Another letter written the last of May, I have picked out of the Mail-Bag gives interesting comment on the German people. This letter was written from Duisburg on the Rhine, by Ralph Howard of the 194th Glider Infantry. His letter follows.—"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Many incidents have reminded me of you recently. I would like to express my appreciation for a great man, as one among your many admirers. My wife had the privilege of being entertained recently at our home church by your son. She was indeed thrilled. Somehow greatness flows from father to son in some cases. Another example was Oliver Wendel Holmes Senior and Junior. I have just read the book 'Yankee from Olympus' by Catherine Drinker Bowen which was the biography of the Holmes lives. My mother also was commenting on your broadcasts and the fact that you went to the San Francisco Conference. I am hoping your influence will be felt in imparting strength to the decisions so vital to our future peace. I believe more will be accomplished by keeping the German people satisfied as far as food. By flaunting a shortage of food which will mean hunger mostly for the working class and not the political heads which we are attempting t

punish, riots will ensue and internal trife will result. I believe we should not advertise our stand on not supplying nations. The German people will grow thin over food barely sufficient to their sustenance. A satisfied nation will listen to our teaching but a hungry nation will moan to themselves of our brutality. I am happy to have been part of your audience at the Peoples Church many times and respect your philosophy. Sincerely as a friend, Ralph Howard."

* * *

With this next letter we will close the Mail-Bag. It is from Henry, Ill., and is so sweet and kind, expressing gratitude for Dr. Bradley's helpful broadcast. Miss Luella Morley says: 'Dear Dr. Bradley:—First I want to thank you for the copy of the Lincoln Day broadcast. It seemed so vital as well as beautiful, I shall prize it much. I am a little old retired school teacher. Mostly I am writing to tell you of the helpfulness of the closing lines one evening of your broadcast. 'If I knew you, and you knew me.' The whole talk had set me thinking—how that little refrain would cure a thousand ills. I resolved to write at once to a niece-in-law. A coolness had seemed to come between us—I felt just because of lack of mutual understanding. I wrote and the old loving relations were at once restored. How grateful I am for the peace and joy of it all and this is just one little incident out of the abundant richness of your heart. Most gratefully, (Miss) Luella Morley."

* * *

Now good-bye till the next Mail-Bag—Remember to write! We appreciate every letter! And—Keep—on the—Beam!

Written from
"Arden Lodge"
Lake Vermilion.

From Dr. Bradley's Book "My Daily Strength"

ETERNAL TRUTH NOT DATED

Do not forget that a wall has two purposes. It not only keeps others out, but it keeps you in.

When I feel the need of inspiration and encouragement myself, which is quite often, I inevitably return to one of the ancient books of the Bible—Job. No one knows who wrote it or how old it is, but it is a book that is as modern as this hour. It is one of the greatest dramas ever written. Eternal truth does not need dates.

Never was Job more significant, important or vital than it is now.

Infinite Source of all good, at an hour when countless human hearts are saddened and discouraged and disillusioned, at an hour when pain more deep and penetrating than the pain of body is taking place in the hearts and souls of this earth, speak Thou to crushed and broken lives; may they feel the inspiration of Thy regenerating power in the reconstruction and reorganization of their lives, translating those lives into a finer quality of the life expression.

PEACE can be just about what America makes it because we are first among the nations of the world, due to the incomparable feats and might of our armed forces, and first in production and resources for war and peace. But it is in our moral and spiritual position that our greatest power lies. We ask for ourselves only the maintenance of our standards of living, to which we wish to see others raise theirs. Without our help, they are helpless. We seek to establish peace for the whole world to enjoy. That purpose ought to be the end of this last round-trip into war and peace.

—BERNARD M. BARUCH

Summer Address of

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley
Tower, Minnesota

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciat your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other change too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goe astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office know all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes he address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

* * *

The Uptown Players Center is closed for the summer during July and August. Registration for Fall Classes opens September 10th.

Opening of Fall Season—Sept. 28th and 29th in "Port of Chicago"

Opening Drama Tea—October 7th—Dramatic Recital by J. Bradley-Griffin

* * *

The Uptown Players are proud of their many friends among the Federated Clubs and other organizations. Not only do hundreds of their regular followers, as well as many patrons, come from these groups, but their Club Plan has attracted scores of theatre parties.

Letters are received constantly telling of the philanthropic work made possible by the funds raised in this manner. One Federated Woman's Club takes a block of tickets each month. All their members have made a habit of attending the Players' performances, and a steady income for the club is a result.

As the tickets are not dated, many members prefer to attend any time during the run of a show at their convenience. Other clubs feel that by attending in a group they can have a delightful as well as profitable evening. Large organizations find that by taking over the entire auditorium for a special performance they get a more reduced rate, and make this their one large money-making project of the season.

If space would allow, some interesting and colorful stories could be told. We are sure that the new year will bring the Players many new friends among the clubs. For further information call the Extension Chairman, Whitehall 5257, and she will be glad to discuss plans with those interested.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
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Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
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Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
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Rowley, L. C.
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Schnorr, Robert K.
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SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

JUNE 17th THROUGH SEPTEMBER 9th—Fifteen-minute sermon by electrical transcription

Church re-opens for Sunday morning services, September 16th.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Re-opens First Sunday in November) 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 a.m.
(Re-opens September 16th).

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Re-open First Wednesday in November)..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday Evening—Church Auditorium 7:30 p.m.
(Opening rehearsal, September 13th)

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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